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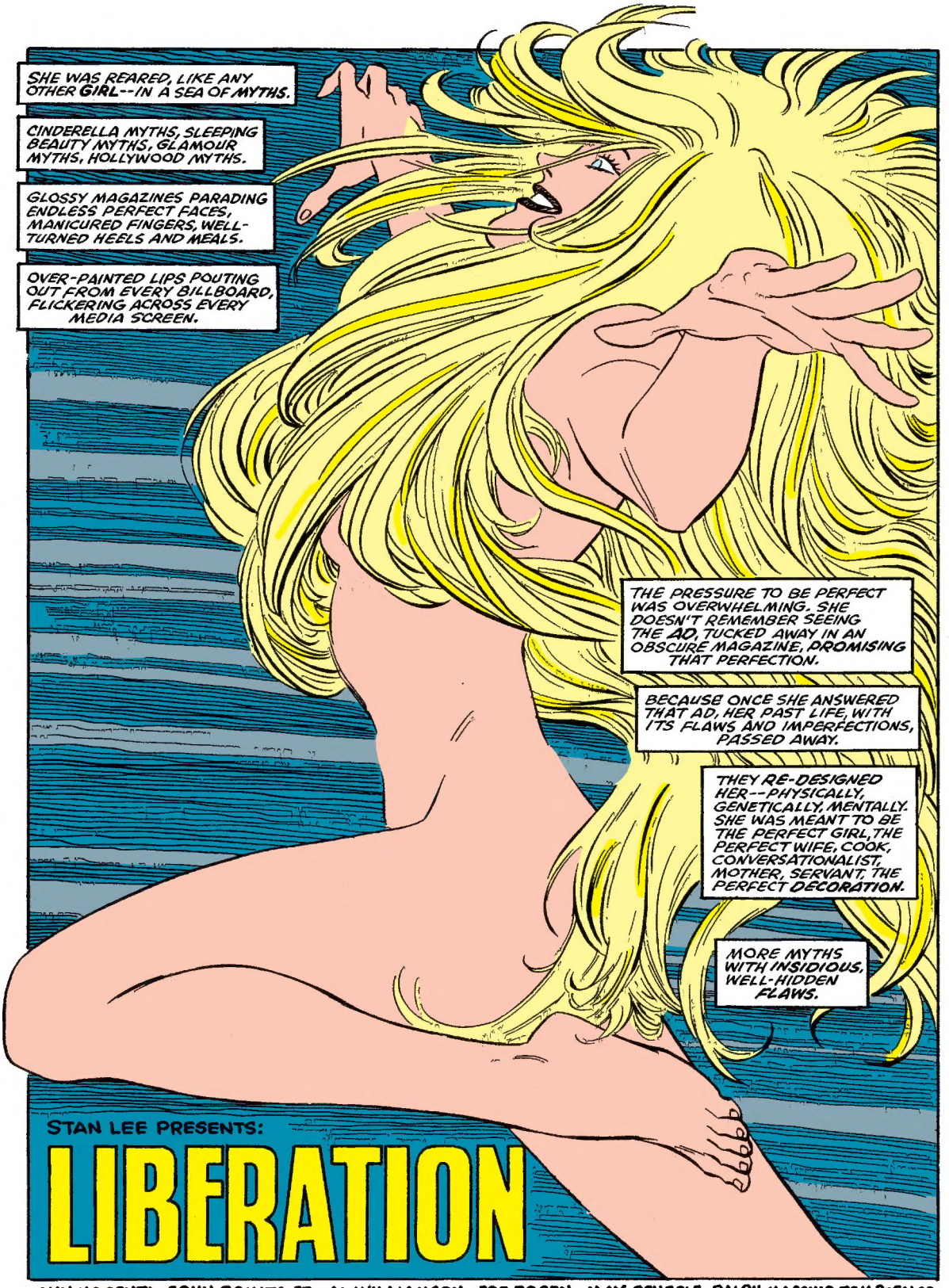
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
INTRODUCING--
THE DECIDEDLY DEADLY MENACE OF:
SHOTGUN!
JR.JR. & AW



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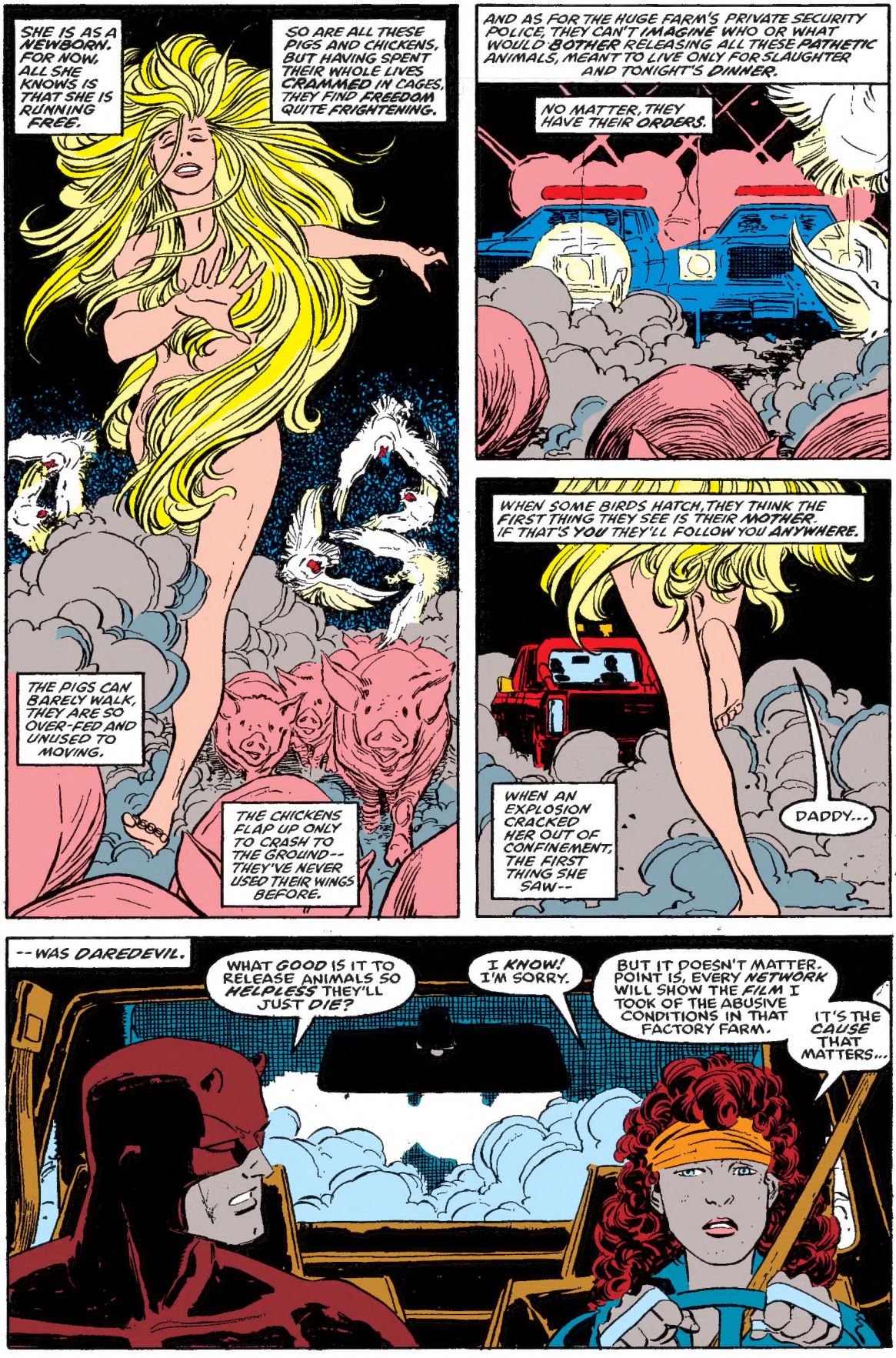
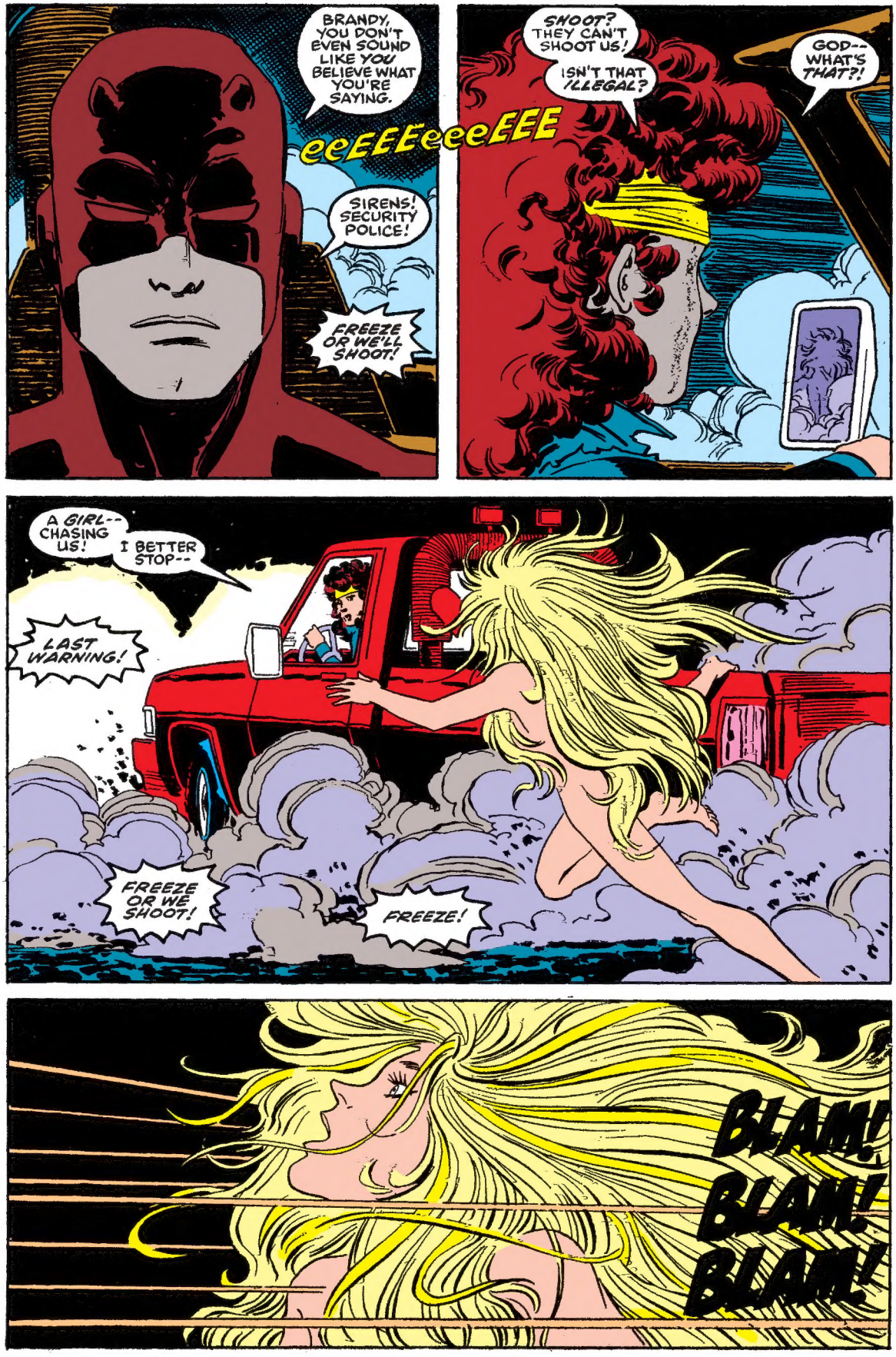
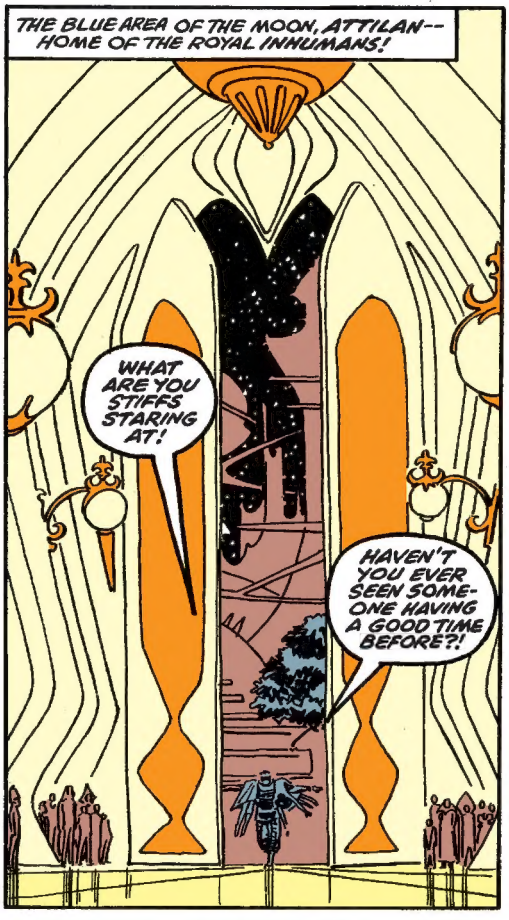
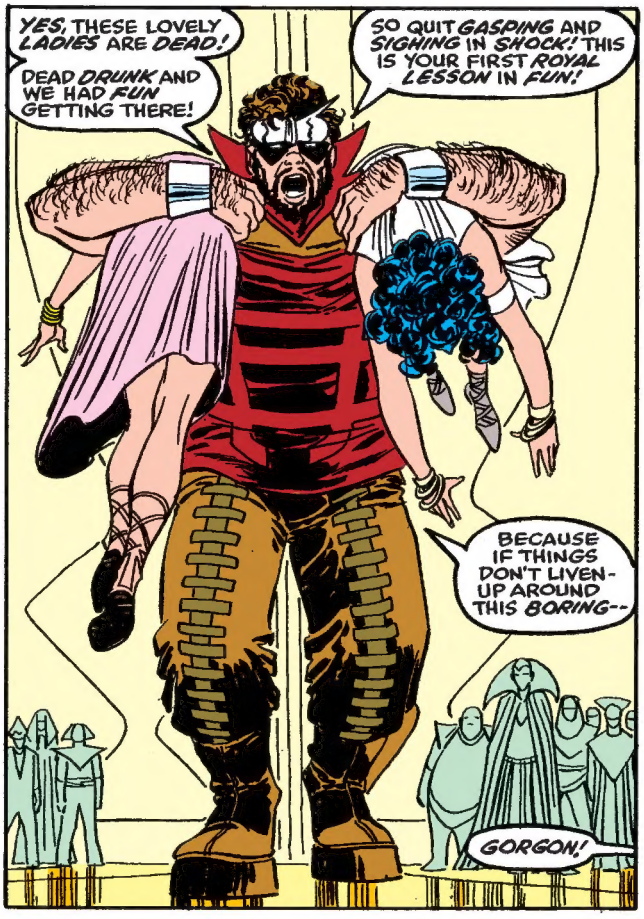

SHE IS AS A NEWBORN. FOR NOW, ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT SHE IS RUNNING FREE.
SO ARE ALL THESE PIGS AND CHICKENS, BUT HAVING SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIVES CRAMMED IN CAGES, THEY FIND FREEDOM QUITE FRIGHTENING.
THE PIGS CAN BARELY WALK, THEY ARE SO OVER-FED AND UNUSED TO MOVING.
THE CHICKENS FLAP UP ONLY TO CRASH TO THE GROUND-- THEY'VE NEVER USED THEIR WINGS BEFORE.
AND AS FOR THE HUGE FARM'S PRIVATE SECURITY POLICE, THEY CAN'T IMAGINE WHO OR WHAT WOULD BOTHER RELEASING ALL THESE PATHETIC ANIMALS, MEANT TO LIVE ONLY FOR SLAUGHTER AND TONIGHT'S DINNER.
NO MATTER, THEY HAVE THEIR ORDERS.
WHEN SOME BIRDS HATCH, THEY THINK THE FIRST THING THEY SEE IS THEIR MOTHER. IF THAT'S YOU THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE.
WHEN AN EXPLOSION CRACKED HER OUT OF CONFINEMENT, THE FIRST THING SHE SAW--
DADDY...
--WAS DAREDEVIL.
WHAT GOOD IS IT TO RELEASE ANIMALS SO HELPLESS THEY'LL JUST DIE?
I KNOW! I'M SORRY.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. POINT IS, EVERY NETWORK WILL SHOW THE FILM I TOOK OF THE ABUSIVE CONDITIONS IN THAT FACTORY FARM.
IT'S THE CAUSE THAT MATTERS...


BRANDY, YOU DON'T EVEN SOUND LIKE YOU BELIEVE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
eeEEEeeeEEE
SIRENS! SECURITY POLICE!
FREEZE OR WE'LL SHOOT!
SHOOT? THEY CAN'T SHOOT US!
ISN'T THAT ILLEGAL?
GOD-- WHAT'S THAT?!
A GIRL-- CHASING US!
I BETTER STOP--
LAST WARNING!
FREEZE OR WE SHOOT!
FREEZE!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THE BULLETS RIP THROUGH HER, HER SCREAMS TEAR INTO THE NIGHT...
WHILE WE CAST OUR EYES TOWARDS A FARAWAY MOON...
WHERE SEEDS ARE BEING CAST THAT WILL EVENTUALLY COME TO REST ON EARTH...

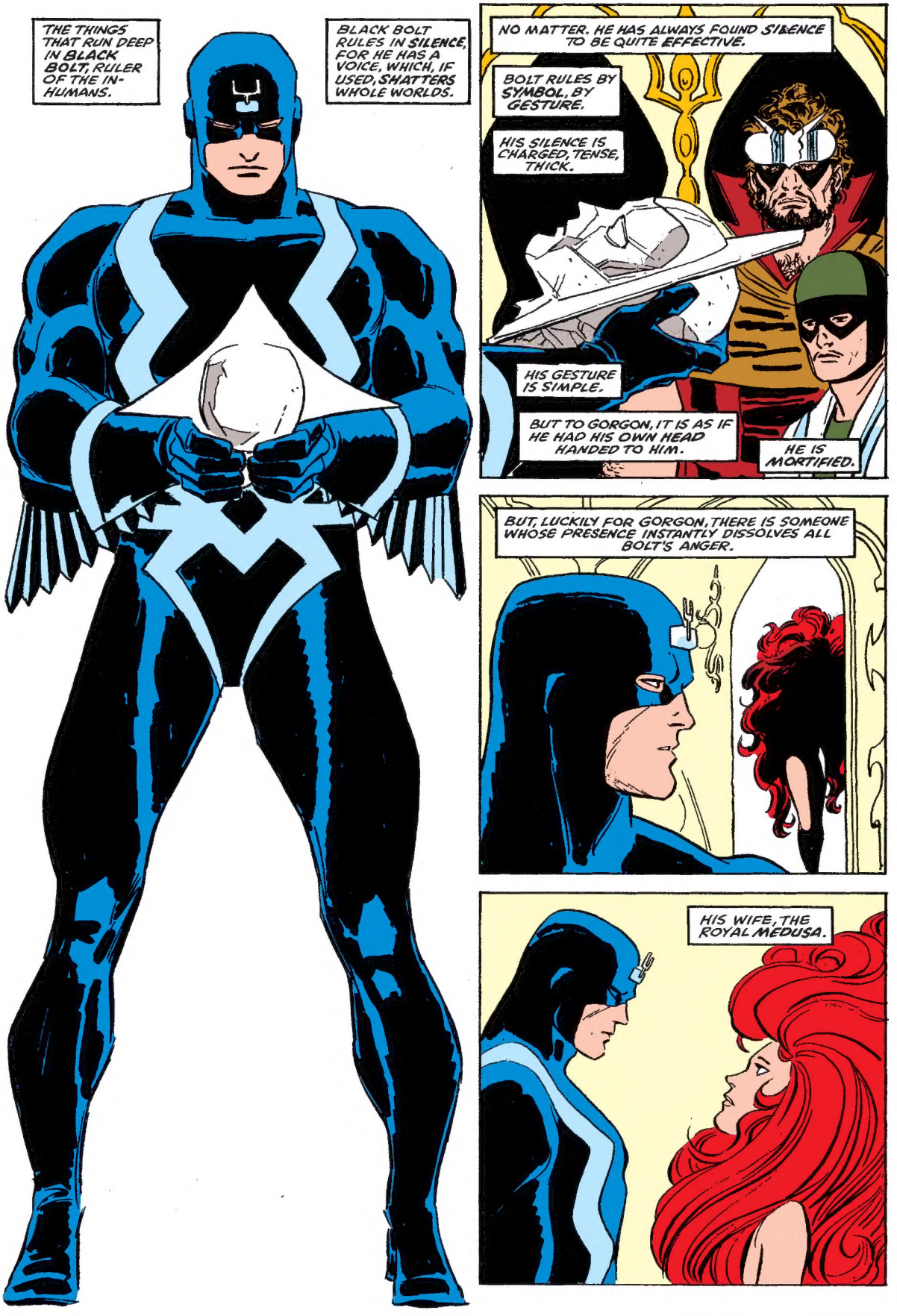

THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON, ATTILAN--HOME OF THE ROYAL INHUMANS!
WHAT ARE YOU STIFFS STARING AT!
HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN SOMEONE HAVING A GOOD TIME BEFORE?!

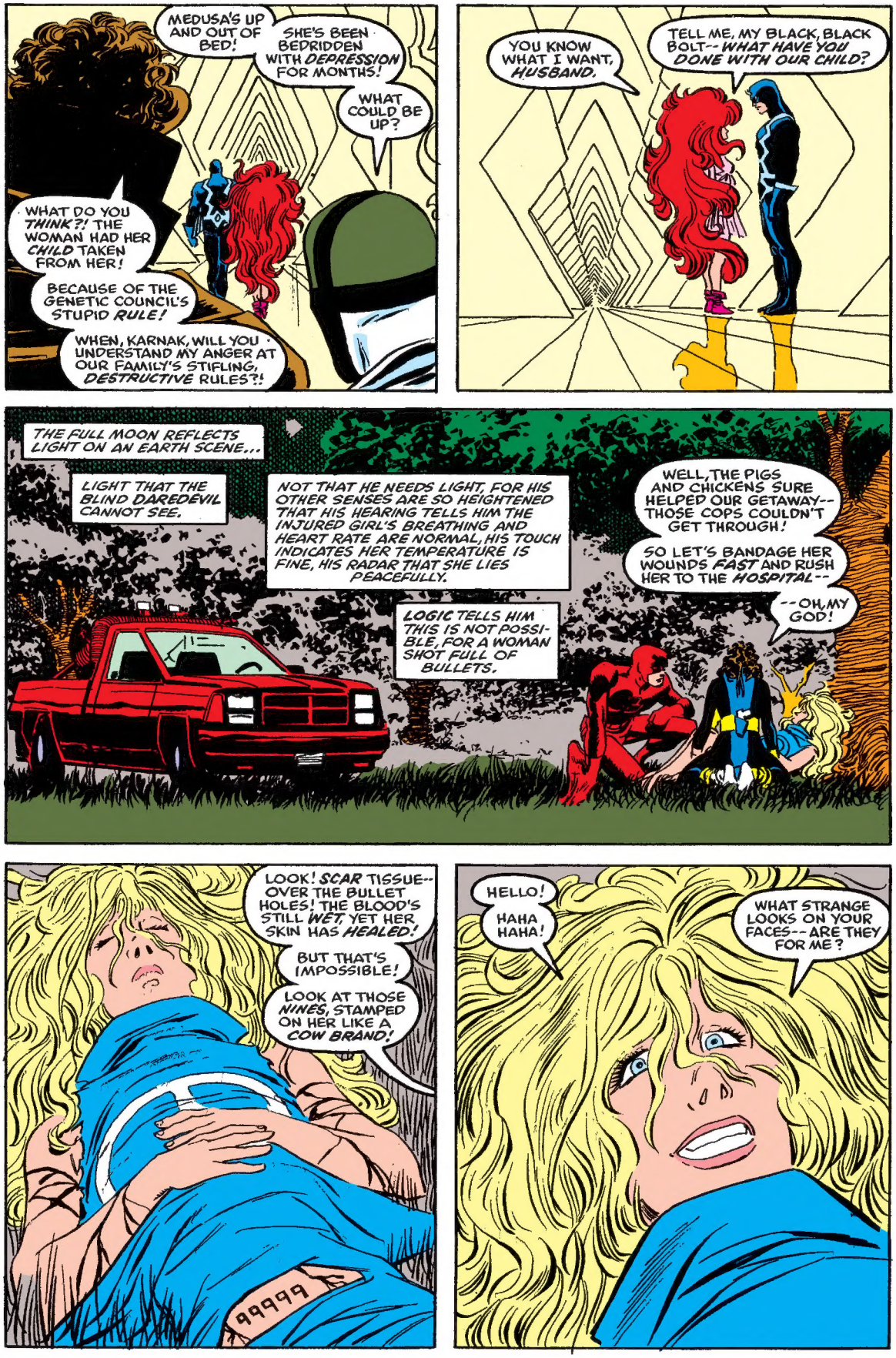

YES, THESE LOVELY LADIES ARE DEAD!
DEAD DRUNK AND WE HAD FUN GETTING THERE!
SO QUIT GASPING AND SIGHING IN SHOCK! THIS IS YOUR FIRST ROYAL LESSON IN FUN!
BECAUSE IF THINGS DON'T LIVEN-UP AROUND THIS BORING--
GORGON!

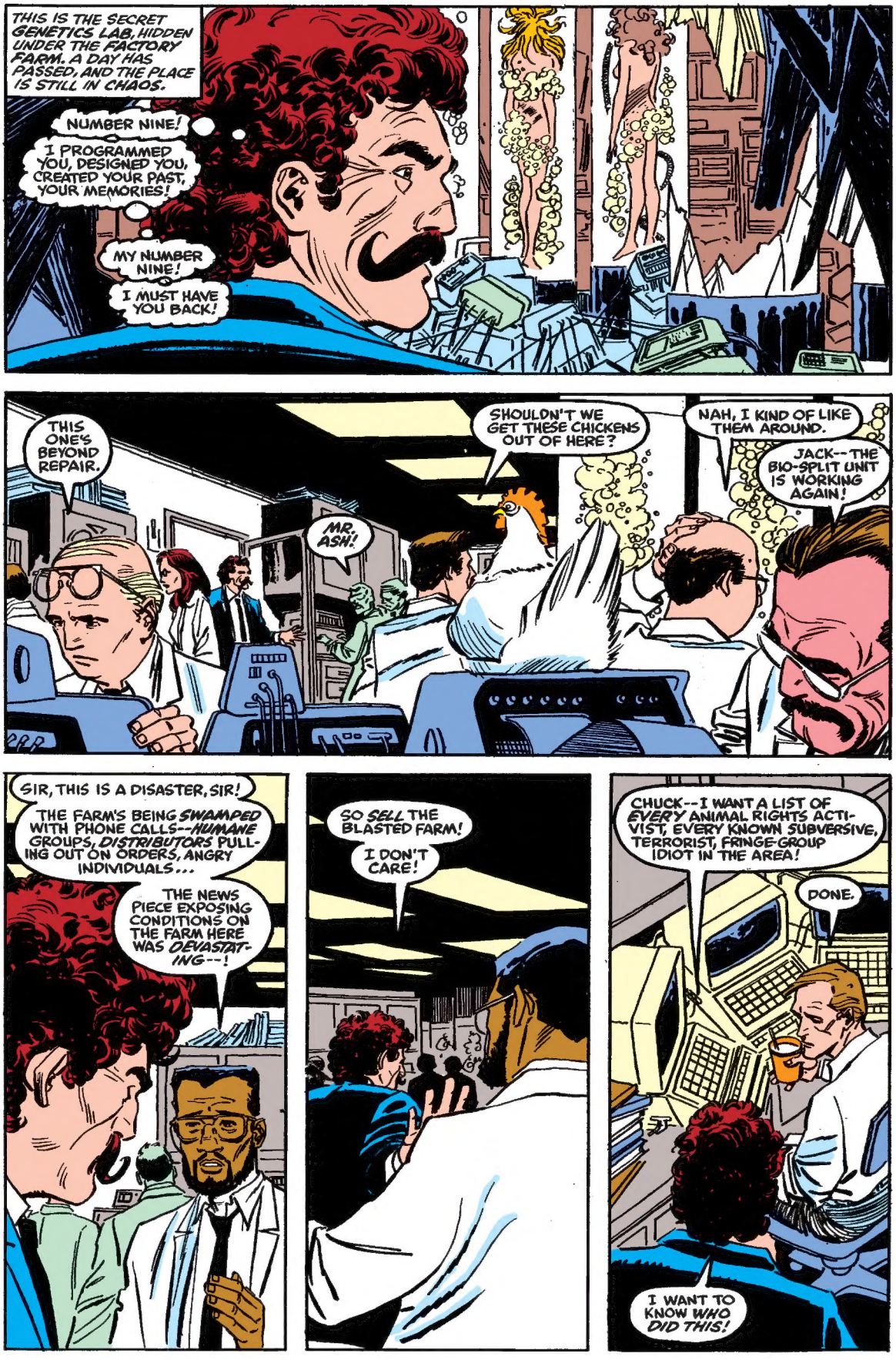
WHAT IS THIS, RUCKUS?
YOU'RE DRUNK!
MORE THAN DRUNK!
I'M STEWED, SOUSED PLASTERED, TRASHED!

I'M STINKING, BLISTERING, ECSTATICALLY, PROUDLY, ROYALLY DRUNK.
THIS IS A ROYAL DRUNK! WHAT OF IT?
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR PLACE? YOU BRING WOMEN INTO THE ROYAL COURT? IN FRONT OF THE SERVANTS?!

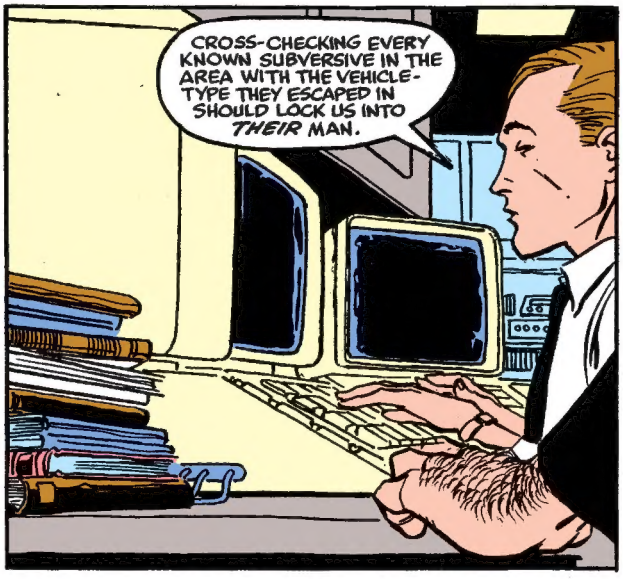
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHO YOU ARE?!
WE ARE OF THE ROYAL BLOOD! WE ARE THE KEEPERS OF TRADITION!
YOU HAVE A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD!
THERE ARE RULES, THERE ARE PRINCIPLES--
KARNAK--
SHUT YOUR PRETENTIOUS, OFFICIOUS--HA! SEE, EVEN DUMB GORGON CAN USE A TEN-DOLLAR WORD--
SHUT YOUR BIG MOUTH!
SHOW ME A RULE--
--AND I'LL BREAK IT IN HALF!
HERE'S TO TRADITION!
POW!
THE BEHEADED STATUE...
...USED TO REPRESENT TRUTH.
IT STOOD AMONG STATUES REPRESENTING TRADITION, HONOR, PURITY, THE ROYAL FAMILY.

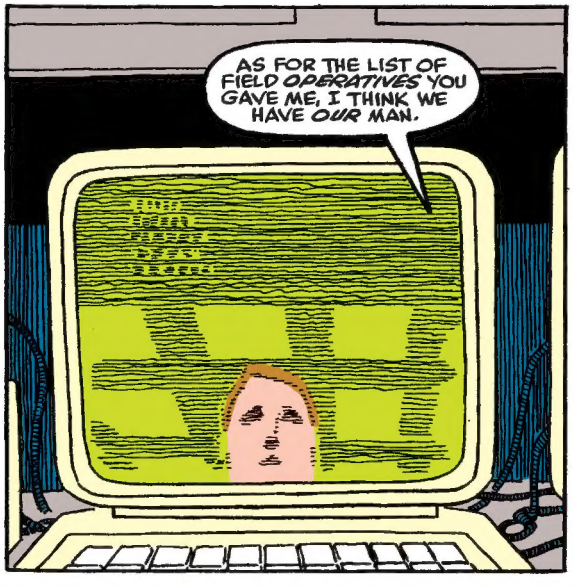

THE THINGS THAT RUN DEEP IN BLACK BOLT, RULER OF THE INHUMANS.
BLACK BOLT RULES IN SILENCE, FOR HE HAS A VOICE, WHICH, IF USED, SHATTERS WHOLE WORLDS.
NO MATTER. HE HAS ALWAYS FOUND SILENCE TO BE QUITE EFFECTIVE.
BOLT RULES BY SYMBOL, BY GESTURE.
HIS SILENCE IS CHARGED, TENSE, THICK.
HIS GESTURE IS SIMPLE.
BUT TO GORGON, IT IS AS IF HE HAD HIS OWN HEAD HANDED TO HIM.
HE IS MORTIFIED.
BUT, LUCKILY FOR GORGON, THERE IS SOMEONE WHOSE PRESENCE INSTANTLY DISSOLVES ALL BOLT'S ANGER.
HIS WIFE, THE ROYAL MEDUSA.

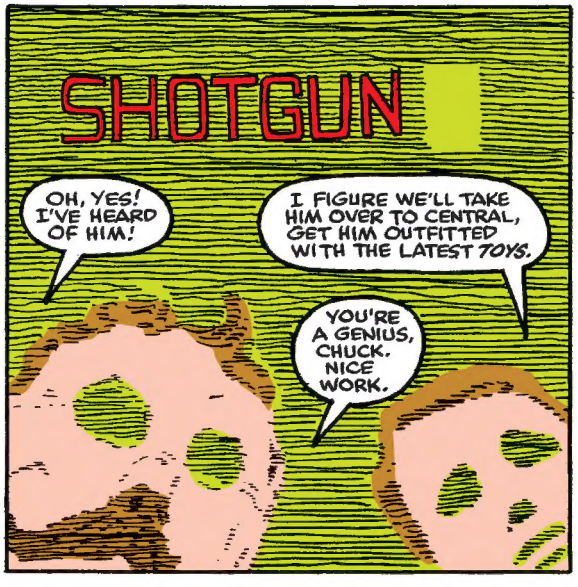

MEDUSA'S UP AND OUT OF BED!
SHE'S BEEN BEDRIDDEN WITH DEPRESSION FOR MONTHS!
WHAT COULD BE UP?
WHAT DO YOU THINK?! THE WOMAN HAD HER CHILD TAKEN FROM HER!
BECAUSE OF THE GENETIC COUNCIL'S STUPID RULE!
WHEN, KARNAK, WILL YOU UNDERSTAND MY ANGER AT OUR FAMILY'S STIFLING, DESTRUCTIVE RULES?!
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT, HUSBAND.
TELL ME, MY BLACK, BLACK BOLT-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH OUR CHILD?
THE FULL MOON REFLECTS LIGHT ON AN EARTH SCENE...
LIGHT THAT THE BLIND DAREDEVIL CANNOT SEE.
NOT THAT HE NEEDS LIGHT, FOR HIS OTHER SENSES ARE SO HEIGHTENED THAT HIS HEARING TELLS HIM THE INJURED GIRL'S BREATHING AND HEART RATE ARE NORMAL, HIS TOUCH INDICATES HER TEMPERATURE IS FINE, HIS RADAR THAT SHE LIES PEACEFULLY.
LOGIC TELLS HIM THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE, FOR A WOMAN SHOT FULL OF BULLETS.
WELL, THE PIGS AND CHICKENS SURE HELPED OUR GETAWAY-- THOSE COPS COULDN'T GET THROUGH!
SO LET'S BANDAGE HER WOUNDS FAST AND RUSH HER TO THE HOSPITAL--
--OH, MY GOD!
LOOK! SCAR TISSUE-- OVER THE BULLET HOLES! THE BLOOD'S STILL WET, YET HER SKIN HAS HEALED!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
LOOK AT THOSE NINES, STAMPED ON HER LIKE A COW BRAND!
99999
HELLO!
HAHA HAHA!
WHAT STRANGE LOOKS ON YOUR FACES-- ARE THEY FOR ME?


THIS IS THE SECRET GENETICS LAB, HIDDEN UNDER THE FACTORY FARM. A DAY HAS PASSED, AND THE PLACE IS STILL IN CHAOS.
NUMBER NINE!
I PROGRAMMED YOU, DESIGNED YOU, CREATED YOUR PAST, YOUR MEMORIES!
MY NUMBER NINE!
I MUST HAVE YOU BACK!
THIS ONE'S BEYOND REPAIR.
SHOULDN'T WE GET THESE CHICKENS OUT OF HERE?
NAH, I KIND OF LIKE THEM AROUND.
JACK--THE BIO-SPLIT UNIT IS WORKING AGAIN!
MR. ASH!
SIR, THIS IS A DISASTER, SIR!
THE FARM'S BEING SWAMPED WITH PHONE CALLS--HUMANE GROUPS, DISTRIBUTORS PULLING OUT ON ORDERS, ANGRY INDIVIDUALS...
THE NEWS PIECE EXPOSING CONDITIONS ON THE FARM HERE WAS DEVASTATING--!
SO SELL THE BLASTED FARM!
I DON'T CARE!
CHUCK--I WANT A LIST OF EVERY ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVIST, EVERY KNOWN SUBVERSIVE, TERRORIST, FRINGE-GROUP IDIOT IN THE AREA!
DONE.
I WANT TO KNOW WHO DID THIS!

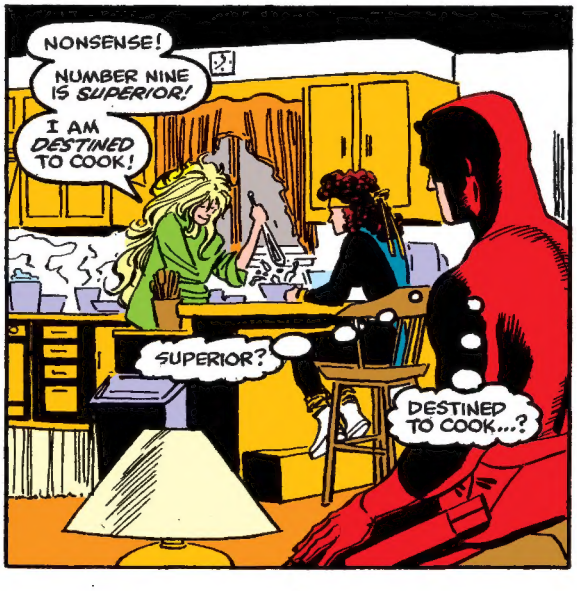
I WANT THE *TAPE* THAT WAS GIVEN TO THE NETWORKS TO BE *TRACED*. I WANT THE *HELICOPTER* TRACED, THE *TRUCK* AND TIRE-TRACKS TRACED-- I WANT THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO BE *FOUND*!

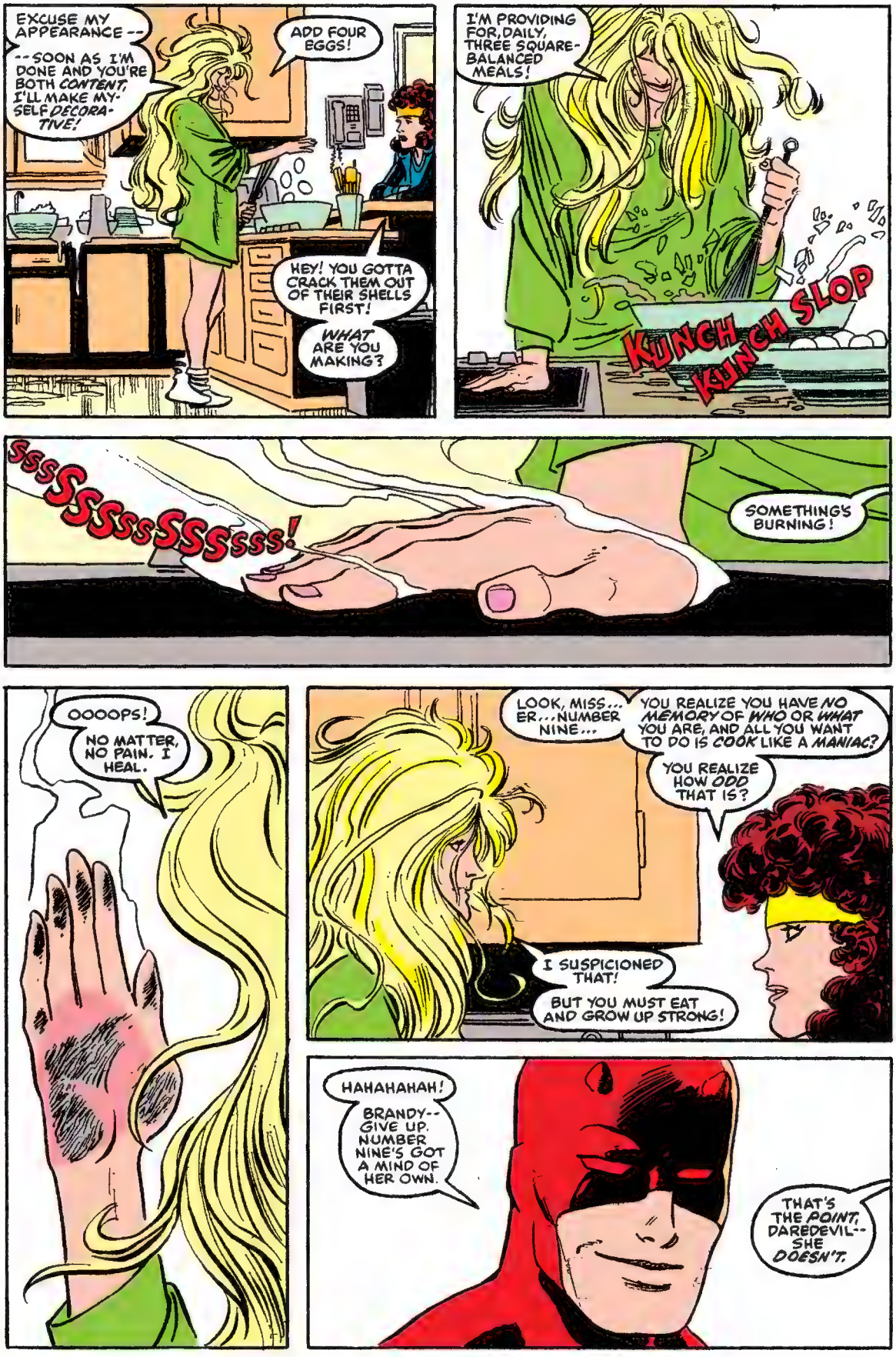

CROSS-CHECKING EVERY KNOWN SUBVERSIVE IN THE AREA WITH THE VEHICLE-TYPE THEY ESCAPED IN SHOULD LOCK US INTO *THEIR* MAN.

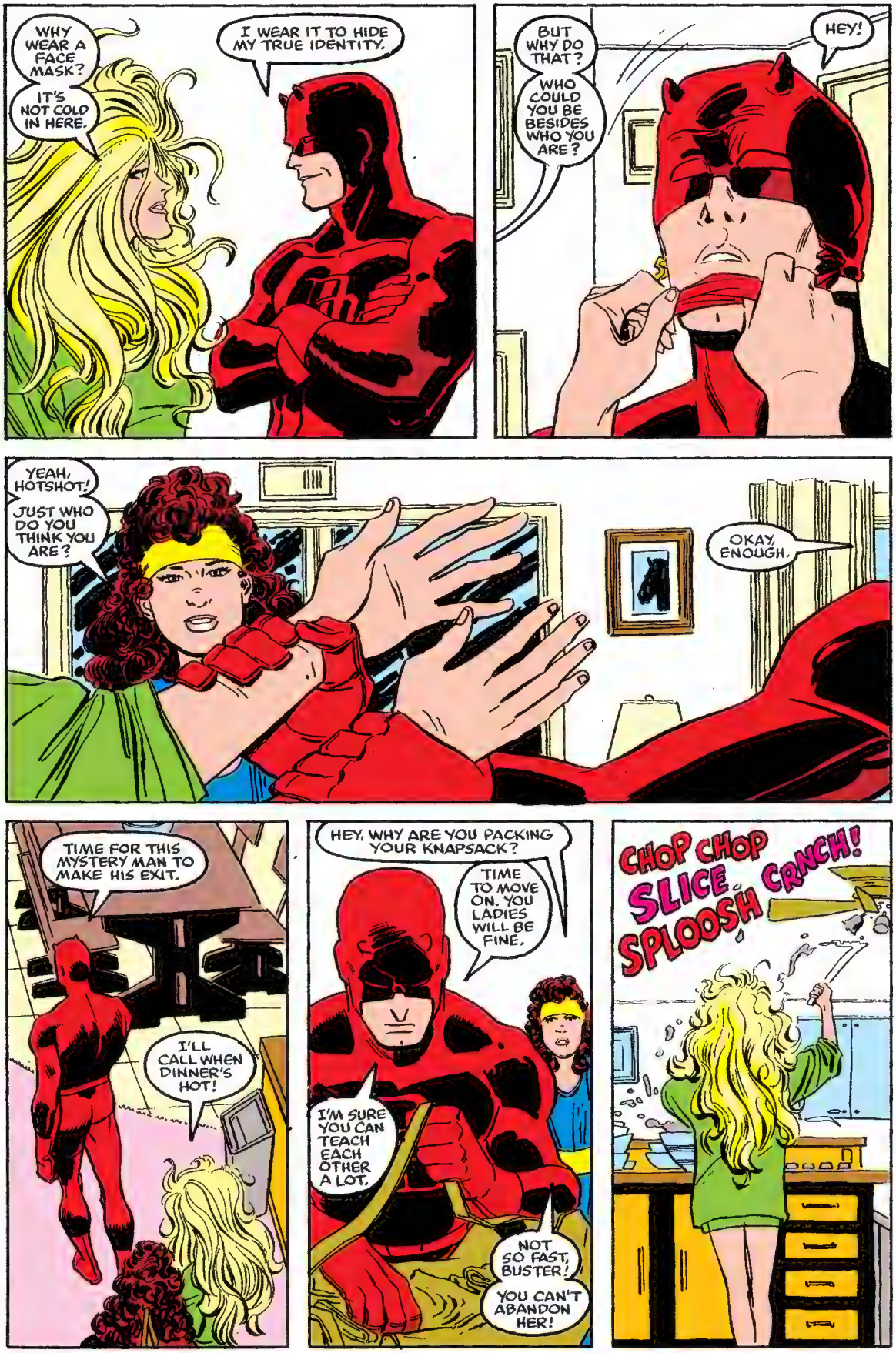

AS FOR THE LIST OF FIELD *OPERATIVES* YOU GAVE ME, I THINK WE HAVE *OUR* MAN.

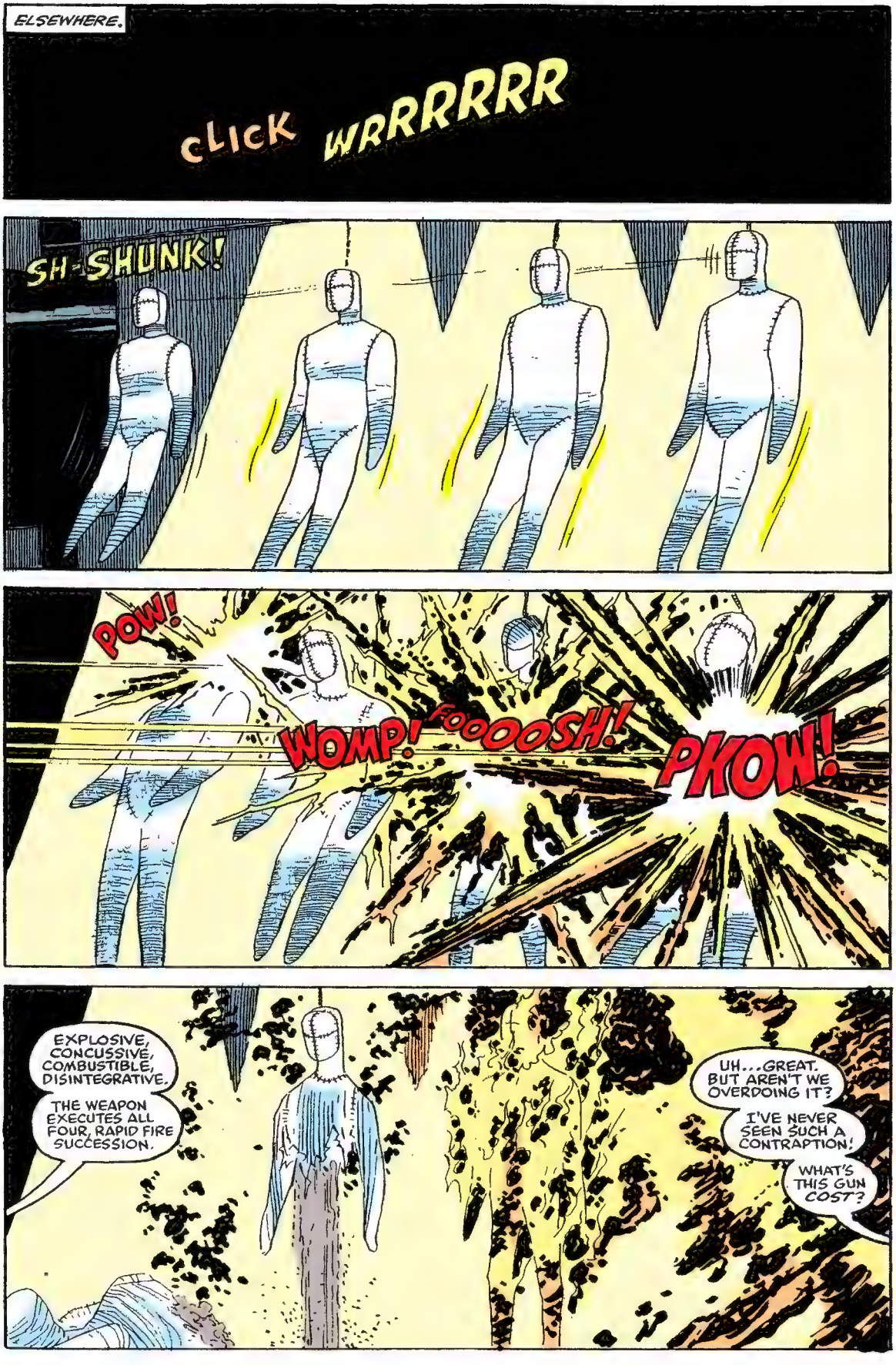

SHOTGUN
OH, YES! I'VE HEARD OF HIM!
I FIGURE WE'LL TAKE HIM OVER TO CENTRAL, GET HIM OUTFITTED WITH THE LATEST *TOYS*.
YOU'RE A GENIUS, CHUCK. NICE WORK.

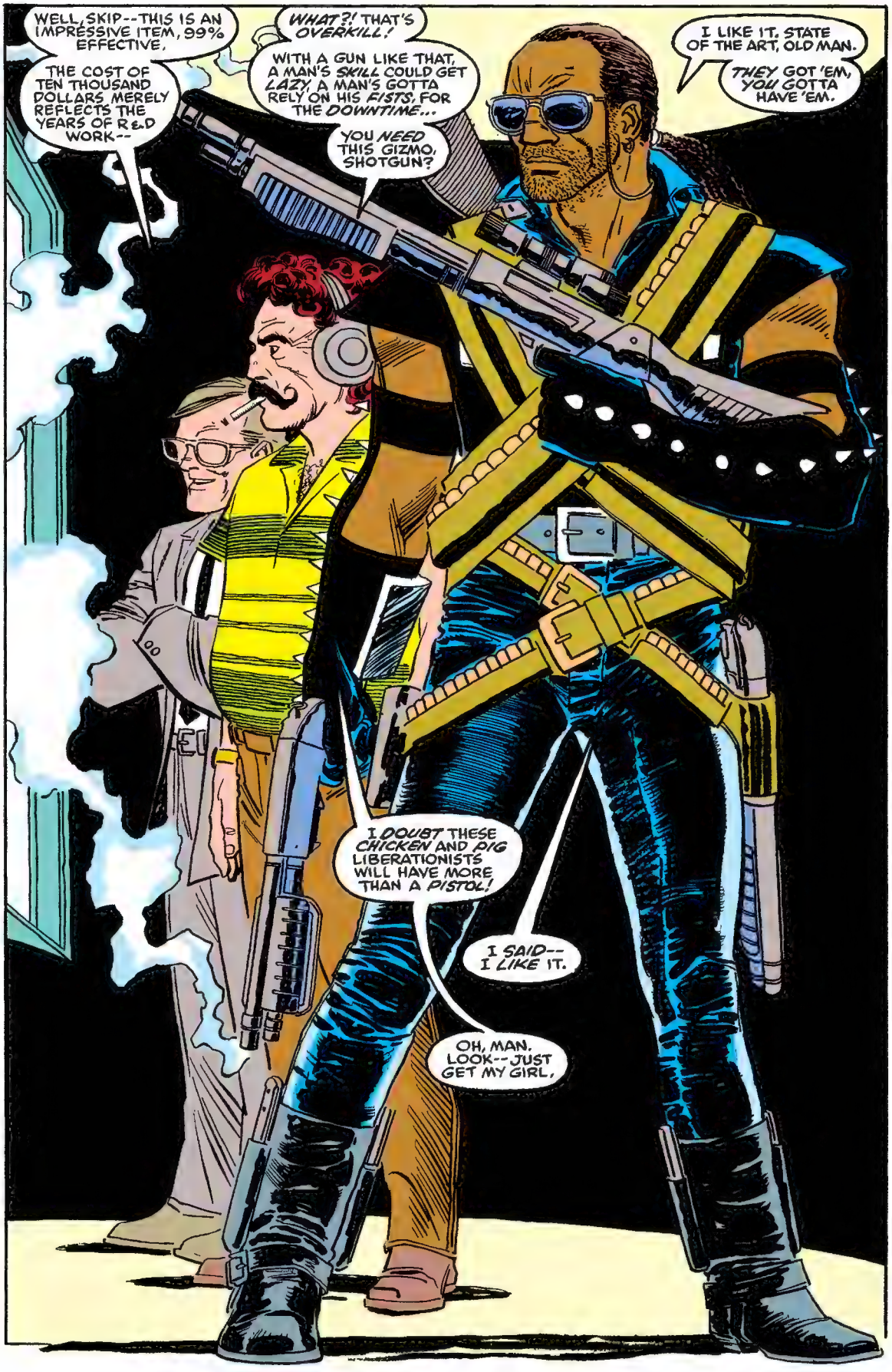
BRANDY'S RANCH...
BUT YOU SHOULD BE IN BED! RESTING!
MAN, YOU SHOULD BE IN *SHOCK*!

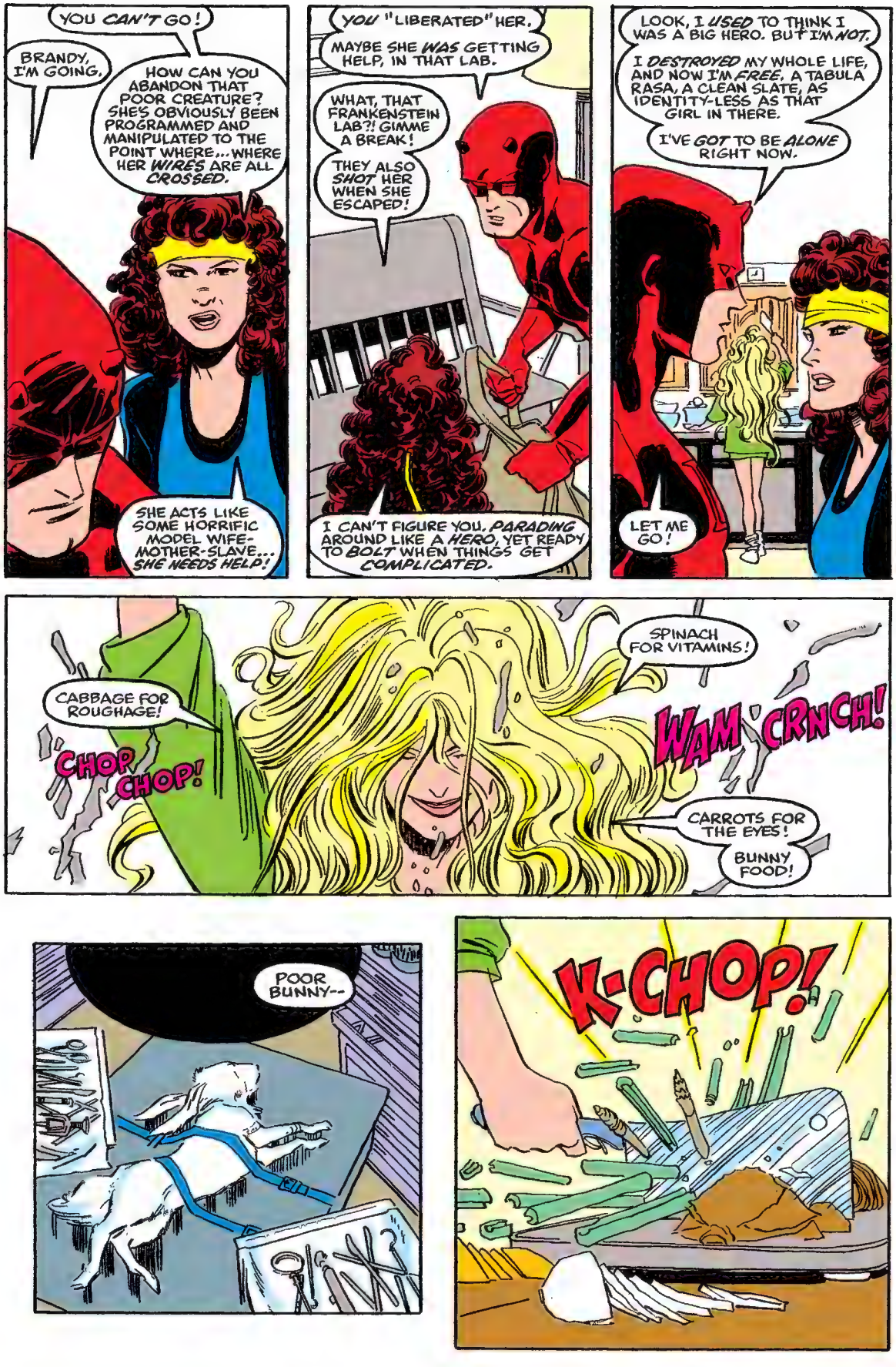

NONSENSE!
NUMBER NINE IS *SUPERIOR*!
I AM *DESTINED* TO COOK!
SUPERIOR?
DESTINED TO COOK...?

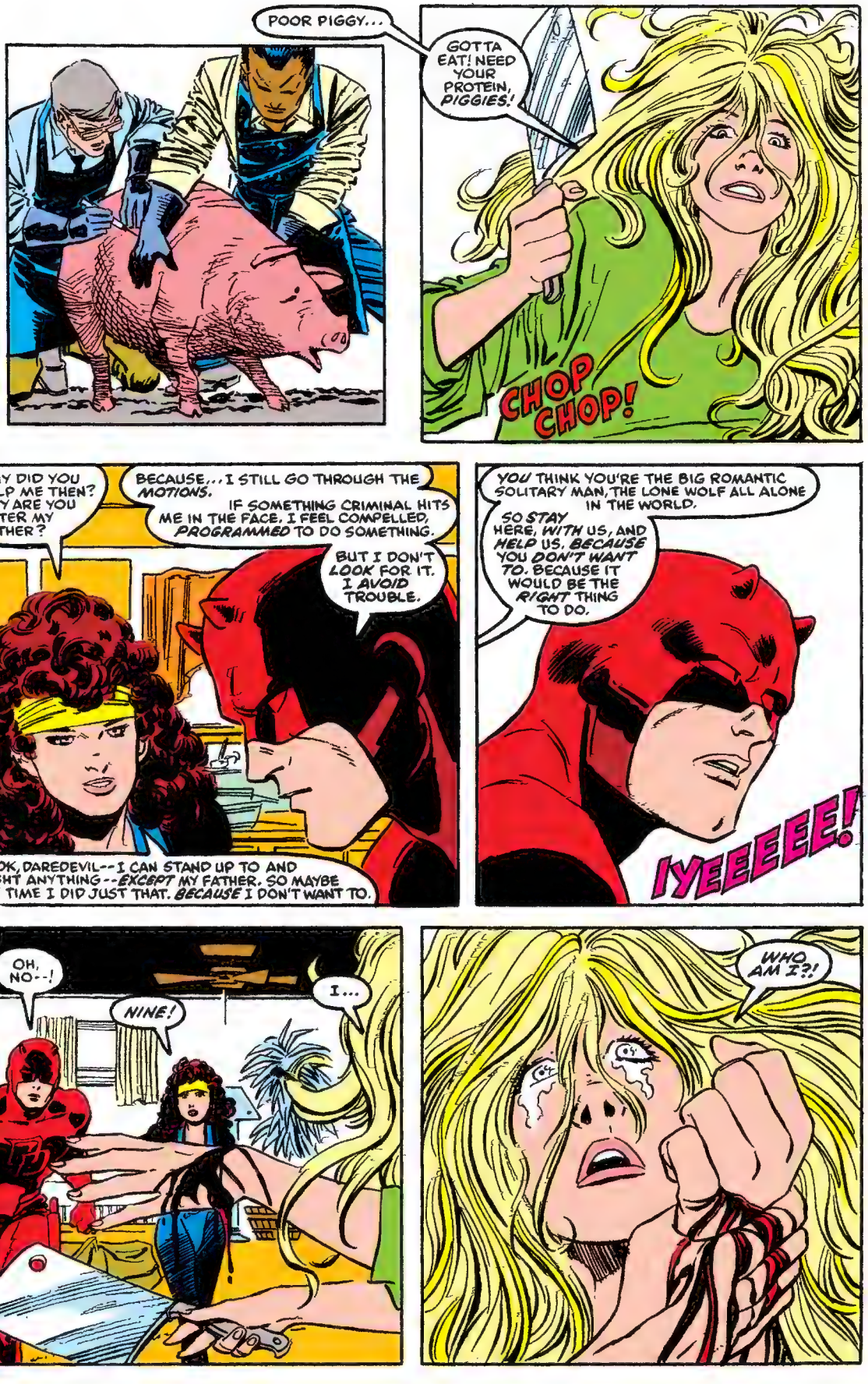

EXCUSE MY APPEARANCE --
--SOON AS I'M DONE AND YOU'RE BOTH CONTENT, I'LL MAKE MYSELF DECORATIVE!
ADD FOUR EGGS!
HEY! YOU GOTTA CRACK THEM OUT OF THEIR SHELLS FIRST!
WHAT ARE YOU MAKING?
I'M PROVIDING FOR, DAILY, THREE SQUARE-BALANCED MEALS!
KUNCH KUNCH SLOP
SSSSSSSSSSSSS!
SOMETHING'S BURNING!
OOOOPS!
NO MATTER, NO PAIN. I HEAL.
LOOK, MISS... ER... NUMBER NINE...
YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE NO MEMORY OF WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE, AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS COOK LIKE A MANIAC?
YOU REALIZE HOW ODD THAT IS?
I SUSPICIONED THAT!
BUT YOU MUST EAT AND GROW UP STRONG!
HAHAHAHAH!
BRANDY-- GIVE UP. NUMBER NINE'S GOT A MIND OF HER OWN.
THAT'S THE POINT, DAREDEVIL-- SHE DOESN'T.

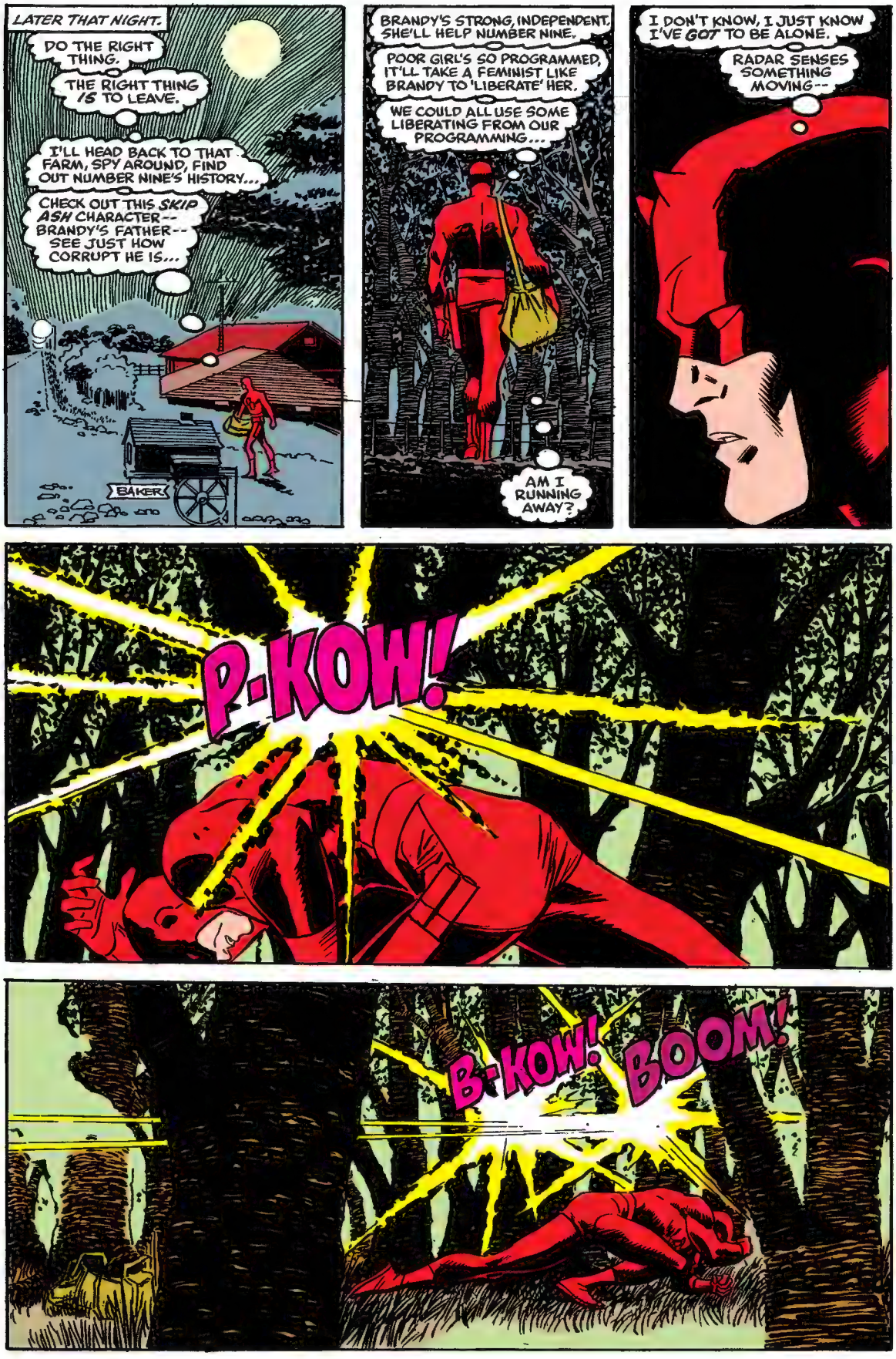

WHY WEAR A FACE MASK?
IT'S NOT COLD IN HERE.
I WEAR IT TO HIDE MY TRUE IDENTITY.
BUT WHY DO THAT?
WHO COULD YOU BE BESIDES WHO YOU ARE?
HEY!
YEAH, HOTSHOT!
JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
OKAY, ENOUGH.
TIME FOR THIS MYSTERY MAN TO MAKE HIS EXIT.
I'LL CALL WHEN DINNER'S HOT!
HEY, WHY ARE YOU PACKING YOUR KNAPSACK?
TIME TO MOVE ON. YOU LADIES WILL BE FINE.
I'M SURE YOU CAN TEACH EACH OTHER A LOT.
NOT SO FAST, BUSTER!
YOU CAN'T ABANDON HER!
CHOP CHOP
SLICE
SPLOOSH
CRNCH!

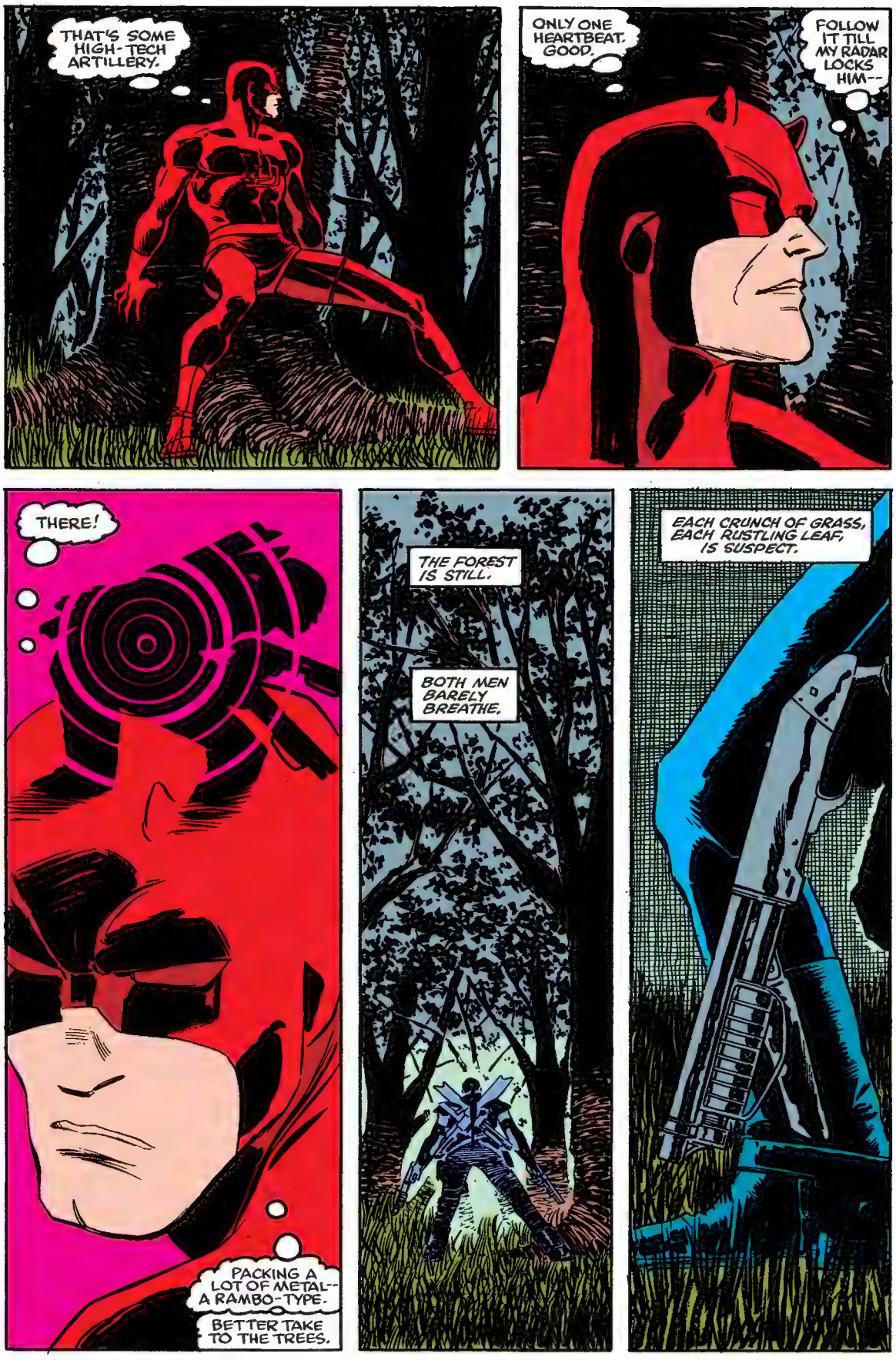

ELSEWHERE.
click WRRRRRR
SH-SHUNK!
POW!
WOMP!
FOOOOOSH!
PKOW!
EXPLOSIVE, CONCUSSIVE, COMBUSTIBLE, DISINTEGRATIVE.
THE WEAPON EXECUTES ALL FOUR, RAPID FIRE SUCCESSION.
UH...GREAT. BUT AREN'T WE OVERDOING IT?
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A CONTRAPTION!
WHAT'S THIS GUN COST?


WELL, SKIP--THIS IS AN IMPRESSIVE ITEM, 99% EFFECTIVE.
THE COST OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MERELY REFLECTS THE YEARS OF R&D WORK--
WHAT?! THAT'S OVERKILL!
WITH A GUN LIKE THAT, A MAN'S SKILL COULD GET LAZY. A MAN'S GOTTA RELY ON HIS FISTS, FOR THE DOWNTIME...
YOU NEED THIS GIZMO, SHOTGUN?
I LIKE IT. STATE OF THE ART, OLD MAN.
THEY GOT 'EM, YOU GOTTA HAVE 'EM.
I DOUBT THESE CHICKEN AND PIG LIBERATIONISTS WILL HAVE MORE THAN A PISTOL!
I SAID-- I LIKE IT.
OH, MAN. LOOK-- JUST GET MY GIRL.

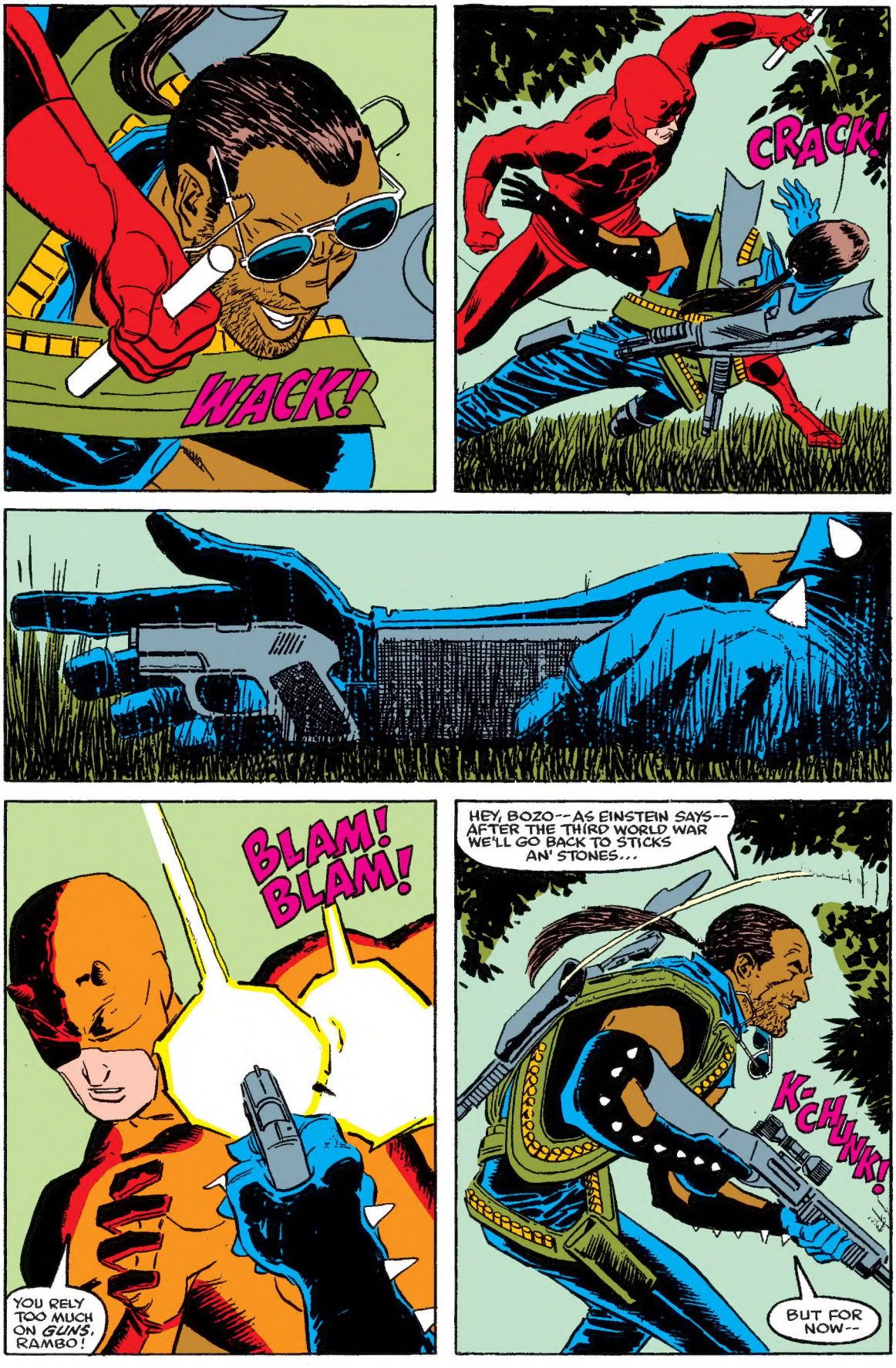

YOU CAN'T GO!
BRANDY, I'M GOING.
HOW CAN YOU ABANDON THAT POOR CREATURE? SHE'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN PROGRAMMED AND MANIPULATED TO THE POINT WHERE... WHERE HER WIRES ARE ALL CROSSED.
SHE ACTS LIKE SOME HORRIFIC MODEL WIFE-MOTHER-SLAVE... SHE NEEDS HELP!
YOU "LIBERATED" HER.
MAYBE SHE WAS GETTING HELP, IN THAT LAB.
WHAT, THAT FRANKENSTEIN LAB?! GIMME A BREAK!
THEY ALSO SHOT HER WHEN SHE ESCAPED!
I CAN'T FIGURE YOU. PARADING AROUND LIKE A HERO, YET READY TO BOLT WHEN THINGS GET COMPLICATED.
LOOK, I USED TO THINK I WAS A BIG HERO. BUT I'M NOT.
I DESTROYED MY WHOLE LIFE, AND NOW I'M FREE, A TABULA RASA, A CLEAN SLATE, AS IDENTITY-LESS AS THAT GIRL IN THERE.
I'VE GOT TO BE ALONE RIGHT NOW.
LET ME GO!
CABBAGE FOR ROUGHAGE!
CHOP CHOP!
SPINACH FOR VITAMINS!
WAM CRNCH!
CARROTS FOR THE EYES!
BUNNY FOOD!
POOR BUNNY--
K-CHOP!

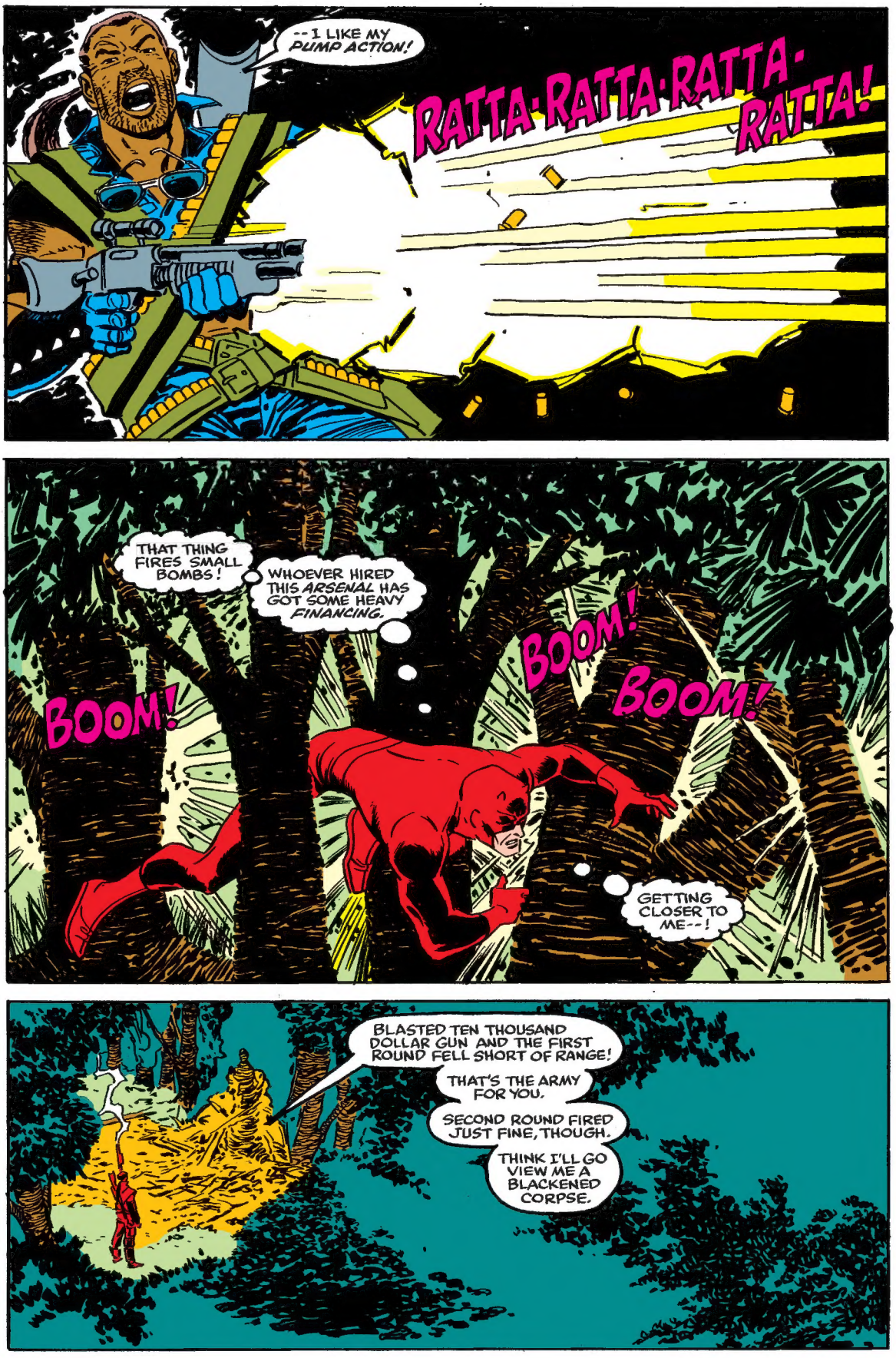

POOR PIGGY...
GOTTA EAT! NEED YOUR PROTEIN, PIGGIES!
CHOP CHOP!
WHY DID YOU HELP ME THEN? WHY ARE YOU AFTER MY FATHER?
BECAUSE... I STILL GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS.
IF SOMETHING CRIMINAL HITS ME IN THE FACE, I FEEL COMPELLED, PROGRAMMED TO DO SOMETHING.
BUT I DON'T LOOK FOR IT. I AVOID TROUBLE.
LOOK, DAREDEVIL--I CAN STAND UP TO AND FIGHT ANYTHING--EXCEPT MY FATHER. SO MAYBE IT'S TIME I DID JUST THAT. BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO.
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE BIG ROMANTIC SOLITARY MAN, THE LONE WOLF ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD.
SO STAY HERE, WITH US, AND HELP US. BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO. BECAUSE IT WOULD BE THE RIGHT THING TO DO.
IYEEEEE!
OH, NO--!
NINE!
I...
WHO AM I?!


LATER THAT NIGHT.
DO THE RIGHT THING.
THE RIGHT THING IS TO LEAVE.
I'LL HEAD BACK TO THAT FARM, SPY AROUND, FIND OUT NUMBER NINE'S HISTORY...
CHECK OUT THIS SKIP ASH CHARACTER-- BRANDY'S FATHER-- SEE JUST HOW CORRUPT HE IS...
BAKER
BRANDY'S STRONG, INDEPENDENT. SHE'LL HELP NUMBER NINE.
POOR GIRL'S SO PROGRAMMED, IT'LL TAKE A FEMINIST LIKE BRANDY TO 'LIBERATE' HER.
WE COULD ALL USE SOME LIBERATING FROM OUR PROGRAMMING...
AM I RUNNING AWAY?
I DON'T KNOW, I JUST KNOW I'VE GOT TO BE ALONE.
RADAR SENSES SOMETHING MOVING--
P-KOW!
B-KOW!
BOOM!

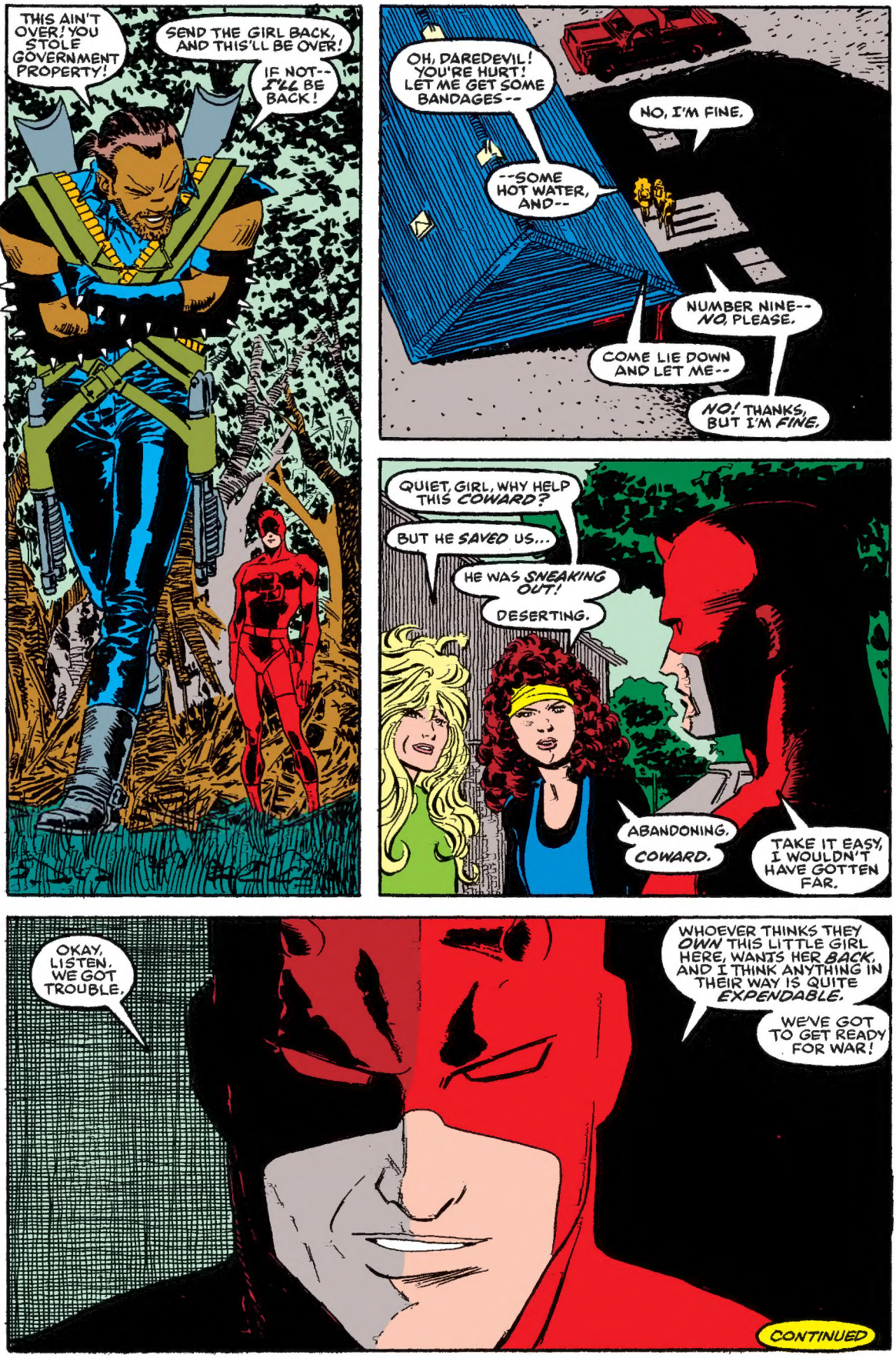

THAT'S SOME HIGH-TECH ARTILLERY.
ONLY ONE HEARTBEAT. GOOD.
FOLLOW IT TILL MY RADAR LOCKS HIM--
THERE!
PACKING A LOT OF METAL-- A RAMBO-TYPE.
BETTER TAKE TO THE TREES.
THE FOREST IS STILL.
BOTH MEN BARELY BREATHE.
EACH CRUNCH OF GRASS, EACH RUSTLING LEAF, IS SUSPECT.

WOMP!
AAAAAAAAA!


WACK!
CRACK!
BLAM! BLAM!
YOU RELY TOO MUCH ON GUNS, RAMBO!
HEY, BOZO--AS EINSTEIN SAYS-- AFTER THE THIRD WORLD WAR WE'LL GO BACK TO STICKS AN' STONES...
K-CHUNK!
BUT FOR NOW--


--I LIKE MY PUMP ACTION!
RATTA-RATTA-RATTA-RATTA!
THAT THING FIRES SMALL BOMBS!
WHOEVER HIRED THIS ARSENAL HAS GOT SOME HEAVY FINANCING.
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
GETTING CLOSER TO ME--!
BLASTED TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR GUN AND THE FIRST ROUND FELL SHORT OF RANGE!
THAT'S THE ARMY FOR YOU.
SECOND ROUND FIRED JUST FINE, THOUGH.
THINK I'LL GO VIEW ME A BLACKENED CORPSE.

HA! SKIP THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE EASY, BUT THESE GUYS HAD QUITE A PROTECTOR.
creee...
WHACK!
WOOOSH!
OKAY, HAD ENOUGH?
TALK TO ME,
UGH.
CAN'T HEAR YOU.
UGH.


THIS AIN'T OVER! YOU STOLE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!
SEND THE GIRL BACK, AND THIS'LL BE OVER!
IF NOT-- I'LL BE BACK!
OH, DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE HURT! LET ME GET SOME BANDAGES--
--SOME HOT WATER, AND--
NO, I'M FINE.
NUMBER NINE-- NO, PLEASE.
COME LIE DOWN AND LET ME--
NO! THANKS, BUT I'M FINE.
QUIET, GIRL, WHY HELP THIS COWARD?
BUT HE SAVED US...
HE WAS SNEAKING OUT!
DESERTING.
ABANDONING.
COWARD.
TAKE IT EASY, I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.
OKAY, LISTEN. WE GOT TROUBLE.
WHOEVER THINKS THEY OWN THIS LITTLE GIRL HERE, WANTS HER BACK, AND I THINK ANYTHING IN THEIR WAY IS QUITE EXPENDABLE.
WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR WAR!
CONTINUED